

Farmers Pay Visit to Great Plantation at Curl's Neck



—Photo taken by Foster at Curl's Neck Yesterday

FARMERS GO WITH CHEERS FOR CITY

(Continued From First Page)

huge amusement of the crowd. Colonel Barton Grundy, one of the most genial mixers of the day, led in the songs, and in the interim could be heard in stentorian tones introducing Chairman Julius Hobson, of the Council Committee on Relief of the Poor, as the mysterious and much wanted "Mr. Thompson" of City Home fame. The Mayor chartered one party of farmers in the tour of inspection and Captain "Sawwell" Elliott, another, and each brought his group back safely to the distributing point of the ginger ale in good time. Through the stables and farm buildings the visitors trooped, everything being open to their inspection.

Engines Run Race.
In a large field a race was run between a gasoline engine and a steam engine, each dragging a great three-disc plow, cutting wide swaths in the clover. The judges of the race rode in three great wagons, coupled together and pulled by a steam engine at an elephant's gait. The steam plow won over the gasoline.

As the lingering farewells and thanks of the Berkeley party were being expressed to Manager Bedell for his hospitable entertainment, a sharp shower of rain drove all hurriedly on board, and with an appetite made ravenous by the open-air drive, all took themselves to lunch. While the rush prevented as elaborate service as the committee might have wished, the untiring supply of sandwiches, crabs, croquettes and other good things which came up from the lower regions soon had all well-satisfied.

And it was not until the ice cream and cake had been followed by coffee and cigars that the caterer felt he had done his duty, and all stood by him to the last. Business Manager Dabney, of the Chamber of Commerce, "bussed" the crowd at the same time that Colonel Grundy entertained it. The committee mixed well with the visitors. Mr. Pollard and Mr. Moncreux saw that all were supplied with cigars, and Committee Clerk McDowell kept an unceasing stream of ginger ale in circulation.

Policeman Mel Folkes was on board, but met no disorder to call for his attention. His genial, pleasant "Move on, gentlemen, don't block the door," made all the frequenters of Broad Street feel at home. The ship's officers were always at the disposal of their guests, and did much to add to the enjoyment of the day. The farmers were loud in their praise of the hospitality both of the city of Richmond and of the Curl's Neck farm management.

On the Pocahontas.
On board the Pocahontas, which left Richmond half an hour after the Berkeley party were witnessed the same scenes of enjoyment. Everybody gave himself up to the pleasure of the occasion. Ruralists discussed the beauties of the river, and the city folk the attractions of town life with their city brothers, while the latter tried to turn the conversation to the calm and peace of the simple life. It was a babel of sound, conversation was more or less disconnected, but the farmer gleaned something from the town man, and the latter gathered a well of information from his guest. The boat was fairly loaded with provisions. There were hundreds of quarts of ginger ale, wagonloads of sandwiches, hundreds of deviled crabs, and freezer after freezer of ice cream.

Nothing was lacking to make the excursion one that the farmers will describe to their children for years to come.

Captain Graves, in charge of the Pocahontas, was especially polite in answering every question put to him. One was asked him every second—and in calling out the places of interest as the boat progressed down the river. Many of the visitors had fought on the battlefields pointed out, and the drift of talk among the older men turned often to the days around Malvern Hill and Drewry's Bluff.

Dance on Boat.
Of all those who helped in the entertainment of the guests, one of the most successful was Tom Booker, of Rowan county, an especial friend of Polk Miller, and, therefore, well recommended. Seating himself on a high box and drawing forth his banjo, he called for an old-time Virginia reel, and immediately couples from all over the boat responded. Chairs and tables were pulled aside, and notwithstanding the inconvenience of the posts, the dancers ranged themselves in line and

tripped the light fantastic toe to the ringing of the banjo. Polk Miller led the figures with a young girl scarcely out of short dresses. It was difficult to tell which enjoyed it the more.

She shrieked with laughter as her fatherly escort swung her round, and he bowed and scraped as if he were just stepping forth to entangle some lass by his graces. "All hands around," called the banjoist, "swing yo' partners. Ladies to the right." The gentle rocking of the boat disturbed them not a bit. Everybody, not dancing crowded around and Mr. Booker, all wreathed in smiles, played the leader. He seemed to enjoy it more than anybody. On the way back he sang ditties of "beter de wah," which were listened to with an eagerness the same in young and old. He was a perfect master of his instrument, and no slave darkey in his quarters at night could have got more melody from his banjo.

At the Farm.
About 2:30 o'clock the Pocahontas docked at Curl's Neck, and Manager Bedell was at the wharf to receive his second party of visitors. He was courteous itself. Twenty wagons, drawn by nearly a hundred mules, were on hand to take the guests about the farm, and they all piled in. It was an unusual and spectacular sight to see so many wagons, with so large a crowd, rumbling along behind each other through fields of waving corn and acres of alfalfa, and by rods of pasture land. More surprising was it that one plantation could furnish enough wagons and mules to take out a whole excursion load, as if it were a daily affair. Curl's Neck Farm is the largest in Eastern Virginia.

As far as the eye could see one cornfield stretched itself before the admiring and wondering visitor. The cornfield covered 676 acres. Alfalfa fields aggregating 1,065 acres billowed with the breeze. There were 500 acres of fallow land. There were pasture lots that would make farms. Everything was neat and clean, show-

ing that a master brain and a careful hand had the vast farm in management. Few had ever seen the place before. Sheriff L. H. Kemp lived on it once for seventeen years, and he acted as a guide to the crowd, lacking only a megaphone. The wagons continued nearly around the entire plantation, and all observed with interest and curiosity. When they pulled back to the starting point Mr. Bedell was surrounded by eager inquirers. Questions poured upon him, but he had a ready and willing answer for every one. He was asked everything, from the succession of crops to the management of the hands. One hundred negroes are employed, and under the strictest regulations. He has no trouble. One of his best foremen is a negro. The farmers crowded about Mr. Bedell on the wharf, and drew him into the boat. The last question was asked as the Pocahontas cast off her moorings and sailed away. Everybody was pleased with the farm and its management, and it was a great lesson to the guests of Richmond and Mr. Senff.

Cheers for Everybody.
The boat was delayed fifteen minutes by a belated wagon, which had gone a longer way round. When the vessel finally pulled off, every negro employed on the farm was gathered at the pier to see the last of the visitors. There were at least a hundred men, women and children, all employees at Curl's Neck. They stayed until the ship drew out of sight, dancing to the strains of Dixie.

About half-way back the ice-cream was brought forth, as a sort of dessert to an all-day dinner. Among those who worked hard to contribute to the entertainment and comfort of the guests were Mr. Robert Lecky, Jr., Counselman Garber, Umlauf and Peters, Messrs. W. D. Crenshaw, George Russell, Lonnie Jones, E. H. Spence, Robert Whitte and many others.

Major Werner, who is ambitious to become a farmer, and who is now the

proud possessor of several rich acres in the vicinity of Solomon's Store, Henrico county, was on board gathering information concerning pigs and chickens and the raising of potatoes.

He hung about the farmers like a foxhound nosing out his prey. He learned a lot, and dreamed about it last night. Detective Sergeant Bailey, who also has rustic yearnings, was likewise on board, learning something more about farming that has developed since he was a boy in Albemarle. Policeman Hughes was detailed to look after the crowd, but there was not the slightest disorder.

On every hand was heard expression of praise and thanks for the manner in which the farmers had been received and treated by their Richmond hosts. Just before the landing Polk Miller made a short address, and called on the crowd for three rousing cheers for the city of Richmond, Mr. Bedell, and the officers of the boat. They were given with a right good will, every man on board joining in. The excursion had been an absolute and unqualified success.

Henrico Turns Out.
Having received special invitations to accompany the farmers on the trip to Westover and Curl's Neck farm, Sheriff Kemp, Clerk Samuel P. Wade, of the Circuit Court, Commissioner of the Revenue George Watt and Deputy Treasurer Thomas Todd were away from Henrico Courthouse yesterday.

JOHN HOLLAND TO HANG FOR MURDER OF PUTNAM
CULLMAN, ALA., August 6.—John Holland was today found guilty of the murder of H. D. Putnam at Hanceville, Ala., on July 24, and was sentenced to be hanged September 18th. Holland was town marshal of Hanceville, and after telling friends that he was going to Putnam's house to arrest him, shot him, death being almost instantaneous.

ORGANIZE FOR WORK OF SAVING FORESTS

Richmond May Lead Entire South in Great Movement.
Mr. Finney Describes Objects of Appalachian National Association.

With the purpose of furthering the movement to preserve the forests of the United States, and especially those of the South and East, Mr. John H. Finney, now of Atlanta, Ga., but formerly of Richmond, is in the city endeavoring to form the nucleus of the Appalachian National Forest Association in this State, with the hope that in future the work of the society will emanate from here as the head office. The association purposes to induce Congress to purchase forest lands in the Appalachian and White Mountain ranges—5,000,000 acres in the former and 650,000 acres in the latter, covering the headwaters of the most important streams. The bill proposed for passage through Congress carried an appropriation of \$5,000,000, which, though it would not be enough to meet the entire cost, would be an excellent start in the right direction.

According to statistics prepared by Mr. Finney, there are now from 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 acres of national forest lands in the country, most of which is in the West.

He says that the loss by fire in the East per year is \$10,000,000, while the timber is being cut three times as fast as it is grown, or at the rate of 100,000,000 feet per year. It is estimated that in sixteen years there will be no hardwood at all, and that in thirty years, at the present rate of cutting, there will be no trees worthy of being

converted into lumber in the East. Statistics show also that every year the country is losing 200 square miles of fertile territory by soil erosion, mainly due to deforestation. Heavy damages from floods also are due to the same cause.

Objects of Association.
Discussing the question which was first brought forcibly to the notice of the people of Richmond by Hon. Clifford Pinchot in his lecture before the Richmond Education Association last winter, Mr. Finney said:

"The watchword of our association is 'Pledged to the forest cause,' which is perhaps well shown by the renewal of our fight for the Appalachian-White Mountain forest reserve after our strenuous, though unsuccessful, fight before the last Congress. We proved our case there, as the lawyers would put it, but lost because Speaker Cannon would not permit his Agricultural Committee to report the bill.

"It means we shall fight all the harder this year, because the Appalachian forest is essential to the future welfare of the South, and, indeed, to the nation, and no man or set of men controlled by the selfish and narrow motives governing the last Congress can forever block legislation that the people demand as they are demanding this. Not only are we renewing the fight with earnestness and hopefulness for the Appalachian reserve, but we

are enlarging the scope of our work by taking up the State duty as respects the forest areas in each State, which, in importance to the South, exceeds even the Appalachian project, for forest perpetuation can be made real and effective only as the State handles the subject intelligently, and by that I mean through the establishment of State forests and State forestry; by a revision of tax laws on forested areas; by passing and strictly enforcing stringent fire laws; by educating the individual owner of forest lands to a sense of his duty to himself and to posterity.

"Our association is, as you know, a purely voluntary one, organized last December in Atlanta, Ga., from which point our somewhat remarkable campaign of education was conducted. It was surprising how quickly the South's previous indifference to this subject was changed into active interest and support when once the real conditions were grasped, and this interest and support must be kept alive until we win our cause.

"Clifford Pinchot says the work of the association is the best work ever done for the forests in America, and this high praise encourages us to continue the fight.

"The Appalachian cause is in better shape than ever—its importance more clearly shown and recognized than ever before, and we have more clearly seen our way toward helping bring it about. We have just elected a well-known Southern man, D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, as president—a big, far-seeing, earnest economist and patriot. We have just opened national headquarters in Washington, from which point the work will be directed in the future.

"And this is the plan:
"Publicity, education, getting the real facts and vital importance of them before the people.

"What we propose to do is this:
"We want first an active and aggressive membership throughout the South, so we are perfecting our organization by appointing a vice-president in each Southern State and having a State board of about thirty appointed by him in each State.

"Then we are going to start the real fight right here in Richmond by having a forester mass-meeting, which we want to hold under the joint auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, Civic League, Westmoreland and Commonwealth Clubs, Woman's Club, Y. M. C. A. and similar organizations, and have them join the Appalachian National Forest Association in a body, paying, of course, a small annual amount as dues—say \$5 per organization.

"Say we get ten such clubs in Richmond, that is only \$50 toward the campaign, but in membership and influence it is a tremendous force. This plan carried out in every important city in Virginia would give us an aggressive, earnest and potent following that could make its influence felt in Congress, and would lead to a State forestry league, as we plan to do, can effectively influence the State Legislature in needed forestry legislation in an entirely proper and forceful manner.

"Just consider what this plan would mean when put into operation in every Southern State. Could even 'Uncle Joe,' stationary and unyielding as he is in such matters, withstand the pressure?

"Surely the plan is worth trying, and I am here to see the clubs and organization I have named, to get them interested. It is a large subject; one that has tremendous importance to the South now and in the future; that needs, too, immediate attention as our forests are being so rapidly destroyed. It presents a chance for Richmond to really lead in the work in the State, and indeed in the South, and I believe the object and plan of our association is well worth the earnest thought and hearty support of every patriotic man and woman in the South."

CONVICT LEASE INVESTIGATION MAY BE CONCLUDED THIS WEEK

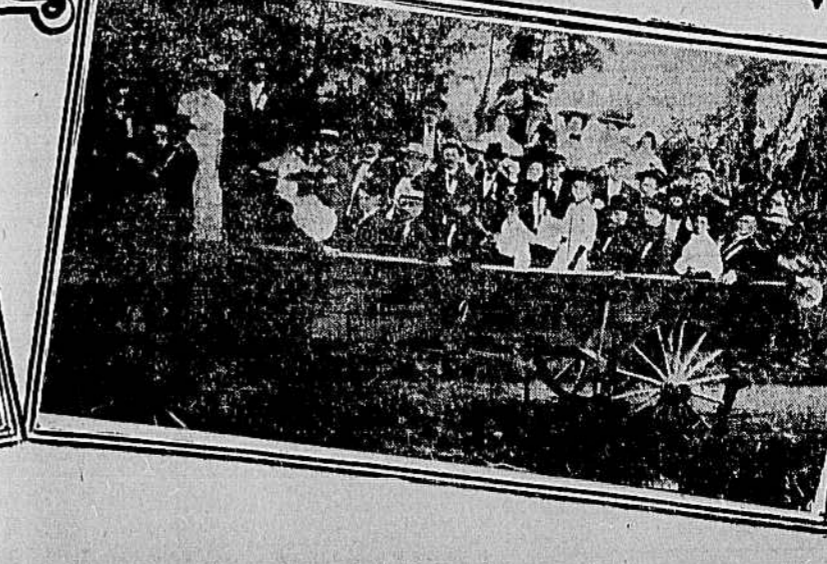
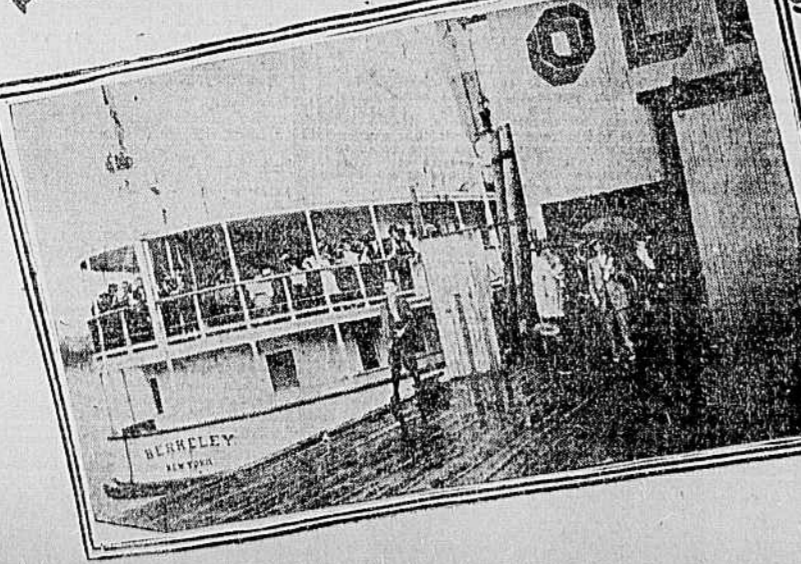
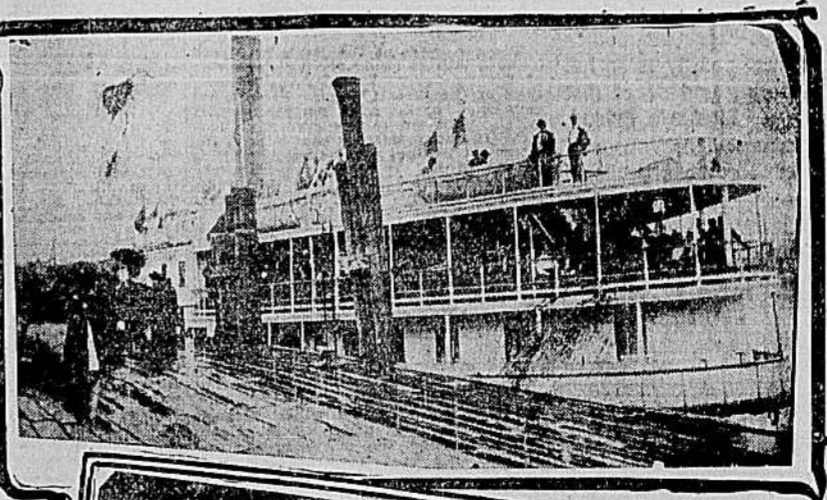
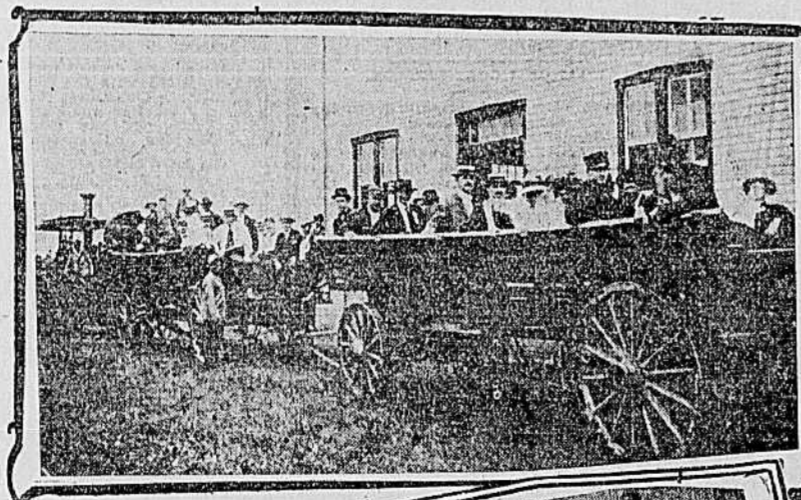
ATLANTA, GA., August 6.—The legislative investigation into the convict lease system of Georgia and the alleged misconduct of the prison commission may be concluded this week.

General Clement A. Evans, a member of the committee, was a witness testifying that he had given his time and thought to the care of Georgia convicts during the past ten years. He said he was willing to answer any questions, and would willingly aid them in their inquiry.

Chairman J. E. Turner asked statistics from the last United States census to show that the death rate among the convicts had not been excessive. He said this disproved the charges of lack of care and ill-treatment.

Commissioner Eason said that in addition to his official duties he had engaged in the practice of law. He said that he objected to men being worked on Sunday, but that it was unavoidable at brick-camps.

VISITORS START IN RAIN, BUT ENJOY TRIP DOWN JAMES RIVER



Seeing Curl's Neck Farm. Berkeley ready to start from Richmond wharf.

Pocahontas about to leave wharf at Richmond. Wagon load of farmers and visitors at Curl's Neck.